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EDITORIAL

We are told repeatedly that the present war is a struggle between the Forces of Evil and the Forces of Right. This is a popular over-simplification of an abstract principle of truth, and unless so understood holds an element of danger for ourselves and the post-war re-orientation of civil life. For if we are so simple as to believe that a clean line of demarcation can be drawn between ourselves and our enemies in the ultimate underlying CAUSES of Evil and Right, as they pertain to human society, we shall not progress very far in establishing a Better World.

The grosser inequalities of our civilization are, fortunately, a commonplace of popular discussion, and most enlightened people are now agreed upon the absurdity of defending a scarcity economy in an age of abundance where the scientific production of goods and services makes it possible to make an end forever of mankind's everlasting fear and eternal enslavement to hunger. Most of us see that clearly enough. The wider implication is not so well understood.

It is not clearly understood that this war, the last war, and all the intervening turmoil in the world are of one piece and represent the fateful consequences of a too rapidly expanding industrialism, and the mechanized means of production, without the slightest regard to the human equation. Steam and electricity created a new world almost over night, but the problems and possibilities of that new world out-stripped our mental horizon. The lag between human enlightenment and scientific

progress is the chief cause of our present universal chaos.

The remedy is clear and simple, although like truth not easily acceptable nor simple to apply. We shall not have a better world nor a more equitable society until we are ready and willing to predicate such a society upon human needs and aspirations and not upon Power and Prestige and Privilege. This is easy to say, and it is still easier to blame governments and governing classes for the savage jungle in which we find ourselves today. There is a perverse consolation in washing one's hands of blame and responsibility. Nevertheless the responsibility is ours, the struggle for freedom, and the witness to that freedom, rests upon ourselves, first as individuals and secondly as members of a collective society.

Nor will the human equation ever become a deciding factor in politics or trade or international relations until we, the ordinary little people, revise our thinking and remodel our virtues.

One of the first delusions we must be rid of is the primitive belief that human beings are good or evil by arbitrary choice; that human conduct is all a matter of conscience and a good or evil heart, and that the only available cure is moral or religious persuasion. Perhaps we cling to the belief so stubbornly because it relieves us of serious effort to understand our fellow men, and absolves us of any sense of responsibility for their transgressions. At any rate it is no exaggeration to say that this absurd fallacy which has grown up with us in a forest of darkest

ignorance, has been as great an impediment to social adjustment as the ancient prejudice against the scientific study of anatomy was to the development of the medical arts. It was held that the human body was too sacred for mortal hands to profane—but not too sacred to be ravaged of vile diseases which, supposedly, were acts of God! Fortunately we have progressed beyond that barbarous point of view but we are not yet clear of the woods. We reserve for the mind the same doubtful sanctity which our ancestors held of the body. We suspect, and with good reason, that if we yield up the mind to scientific study, the mystery of character, of goodness and of evil, will vanish with the wind.

But whether we relish it or not that fate is swiftly overtaking us for the pioneers have already crossed the first borders and it is up to us to follow into this new land of more humane concepts. We shall have to struggle with ourselves and lay away forever many cherished ideas but ideas are not necessarily sacred because they are old and wear the familiar vestments of accepted legends. The scientific study of the mind, although still in an experimental stage, has brought new and startling light to bear upon the complexities of human nature. It has, for instance, shown beyond doubt that a normal human infant is plastic material, completely neutral so far as bigotries and prejudices are concerned, and that there is little difference in the adaptability of one as against another. We are all fairly good stuff at the start; what happens to us in the course of growing up depends upon social conditioning and most of all upon BREAD. That may sound like a very cynical contradiction of the spiritual nature of man and of the treasured saying, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," but what does a starving man think of? What especially does a starving child think of, which is more to the point

since the child of today is the citizen of tomorrow?

The moralist has never troubled to find out, but the scientist has not only tried—he has succeeded. It has been found, for example, that slow starvation of children culminates at a point where the moral fibres become permanently atrophied. The body may survive but the human qualities of pity, sympathy, tenderness and mercy, these have been destroyed. They have been destroyed in subtle fashion; a young child normally looks to his parents for food and shelter, for pity and love. A child cannot reason objectively but it feels and senses acutely the distress all around him. He feels the frustration, and anger against that frustration in his parents; he cannot translate these into sense perceptions except as they effect himself. Because he cannot understand the outward cause of this unnatural state of things his first reaction is one of bewildering fear and frantic pain, which in time gives way to the slow destructive inertia of animal indifference. Nature fights to the end and she fights best in defense of the body which is her oldest creation. Physically such a child may recover but mentally it is permanently crippled and remains a maladjusted, anti-social human being.

This is one of the frightening aspects of the present war. Millions of children in occupied Europe are suffering this dreadful fate, and through no fault of their own will present us with a social problem that no amount of pious chatter or elaborate peace plans will solve. We must rise to the challenge before it is too late — waken to the realization that saving these children is as important to the future peace of the world as military victory. The relation between food and morality may not be clear to us and we may not understand that sadism is an off-shoot of frustration, but we can see in the monstrous brutality of the Nazis a

concrete example of what protracted starvation in childhood can do to the moral fibres of human beings. Furthermore, the sanguinary pages of history are replete with tortures and unspeakable persecutions all testifying to the same incontestable fact: hunger breeds inhuman viciousness.

Knowledge brings added responsibility. We are wiser in understanding

than our ancestors; let us act upon that wisdom. To wait until after the war is to tempt evil fate and will have condemned millions of innocent children to death, or what is worse a warped and vicious existence.

Let us add our voices to the chorus that demands life—not death—for the helpless little children of Europe.

—Laura Goodman Salverson.



Evening Star

O, Evening Star! pale twinkling creature,
 Alone and lovely, on the veil of Twilight,
 Casting a silver'd glance on fields of rugged feature
 And radiating in the pale green sky-light—
 Sing me thy symphony of ages gone,
 Song of the world, song of Eternity!
 Pluck on thy tinkling lyre until the Dawn
 Bursts in upon thy sweet tranquility!
 Thy faint and trembling glory, tiny Goddess,
 Is as a signal to the fretting world below
 That Night shall pass her cool hand in carress
 Over the fevered brow of Earth, and in thy glow
 We, of this troubled place, may know release
 For just a little while, drinking the magic from thy charmed cup
 Of Peace.

Esther Guðjonson

The Icelandic Canadian

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Leif Ericsson And His Discovery of America

By PROFESSOR RICHARD BECK

I.

The Scandinavians of old, the Vikings, were not merely ruthless pirates, destroyers of life and property, as popular opinion would have us believe. Their far-flung and vigorous activities on land and sea were constructive no less than destructive. These brave men of the Northern countries were founders of communities and builders of cities in many parts of Europe; they were pioneers in the true sense of that significant word. They colonized the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland; finally, as a fitting climax to their exploring and settling of new lands, these fearless seafarers discovered America. And when we look at the matter from a geographical point of view, it was not at all surprising, after the Norsemen had colonized Iceland and Greenland, that they should discover the American continent. That discovery was, as one writer on the subject has phrased it, "a natural link in the expansive, westward movement of the Scandinavian peoples."

II.

However, before further discussion of Leif Ericsson's discovery of America, it is highly enlightening, in fact necessary, to consider briefly the events leading to the Norse settlement of Iceland and Greenland, which resulted in turn in the discovery of this continent. Iceland is of special importance in that connection, for there the Viking civilization flourished longest and found a most lasting expression in old Icelandic literature. Moreover, it was from Iceland that the Norwegian Eric the Red set out in his quest for Greenland, which was later colonized by Icelanders. Further, Leif Ericsson was born and grew in Iceland, spending his formative years in that rugged island, so impressive scenically, and in the midst of a social environment where

the Viking spirit was very much alive, and which was therefore highly favorable to the development of adventurers and fearless men of action. Finally, in Icelandic sources we find the fullest accounts of Leif's discovery of America.

The Norsemen were ever a liberty-loving people. Of that character-trait the Norwegian settlement of Iceland is a classic illustration, for it was the result of refusal to suffer oppression. The colonization, which lasted about 60 years, 874 to 930, was due, largely at least, to fundamental political and social changes in Norway. King Harald the Fair-hair had for the first time in history brought all Norway under his sway. He took possession of the people's lands and levied taxes. Many of the chieftains and nobles considered this nothing short of tyranny. Thus to interfere with their rights was a thing unheard of. They therefore chose freedom in exile rather than subjection in the land of their fathers. They sought "a land of the free." In Iceland, which had been discovered by Norsemen only shortly before, these liberty-loving Norwegians found a haven. There they formed an independent commonwealth, a sort of aristocratic republic, which lasted for over three hundred years. In the year 930 the Icelandic parliament, the Althing, was organized. Hence, in 1930 Iceland could commemorate the one thousandth anniversary of its national legislative body, the oldest functioning parliament in the world. It is an eloquent testimony not only to the Norse spirit of independence but also to the Norse respect for law and order that the Icelandic commonwealth of old was the first republic in Europe north of the Alps. Our Northern ancestors can therefore justly be referred to as "pioneers of freedom." Which is, to be sure, a matter of deep gratification

for us, their descendants; but in a still greater degree this should be to us a ringing challenge to take our stand firmly on the side of freedom and justice.

III.

It has been well said that the Norwegian settlers of Iceland came there "to save the old order of heroic society." They succeeded admirably in that respect, for the Norse heroic spirit is the keynote of Old Icelandic literature. In the words of an English scholar: "The greatness of Icelandic literature lies primarily in its understanding of heroic character and the heroic view of life." What then, we may ask, was the central element in the Norse view of life? It was, that one should face life courageously and manfully, that a noble defeat was better than a cheap victory. The Norsemen realized "that a defeat well met magnifies a man more than any success." The very heart of the Norse philosophy of life is expressed in this much admired and quoted stanza:

"Cattle die, kinsmen die,
Oneself also dies;
But a noble name will never die,
If good renown one gets."

Which may be paraphrased in these words: Riches perish, relatives die, the individual himself also dies; one thing is lasting in this world of constant change:—a good reputation, the noble name one earns for oneself. According to the Norsemen life was to be measured in noble deeds. And that is but another way of saying that the worth of the individual is the main thing. For what a man does is but the expression and extension of what he is.

Under the influence of that heroic view of life Leif Ericsson grew to young manhood in his native Iceland, during the stirring and turbulent days of the Icelandic republic. Nor is it to be overlooked that he was the son of an adventurous and enterprising father. The exploits of both father and son, Eric

the Red's discovery of Greenland, and particularly Leif's discovery of the American continent, have a place of prominence in Old Icelandic historical literature. Which brings me again to the main subject matter of this article: "Leif Ericsson and His Discovery of America." The central fact to remember is this:

In or about the 1000 of our era Leif Ericsson landed on the eastern coast of the North American continent, the first European, according to dependable sources, to discover the New World.

IV.

Upon this fact historians now generally agree, at any rate all those who have made a study of the subject. Even the late Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the famed Norwegian explorer, who subjected the Icelandic sources dealing with the discovery of America to the most extreme criticism, was constrained to admit that "it must be regarded as a fact that the Greenlanders and Icelanders reached countries which lay on the northeastern coast of America; and they thus discovered the continent of North America besides Greenland, about five hundred years before Cabot (and Columbus)." Similar testimony of numerous leading historians could easily be added. Let it also be said that many historians of America refer, although not always adequately, to the discovery of this continent by the Norsemen. It seems to me that every history of North America, if only for the sake of completeness, should include an account of that remarkable discovery. For as Mr. T. D. Kendrick, of the British Museum, effectively puts it in his excellent *History of the Vikings* (1930): "There is no chapter in the history of the Norsemen abroad that is finer reading than the tale of those brave and simple seamen who discovered America. For they were only poor Greenlanders and Icelanders, these first white men in the New World, not commanding for their explorations a well-equipped and mag-

nificent fleet from Norway, but embarking upon their audacious enterprise, a fearless navigation of unknown seas, if not in a single ship, at most only in a tiny company of two or three vessels."

Through the efforts of many interested individuals and organizations, the discovery of America by Leif Ericsson has already been given considerable recognition in the United States and Canada. The memory of this fearless explorer has been commemorated in various ways. Monuments have been erected to him in Boston, Milwaukee, Chicago, and San Francisco. There are Leif Ericsson parks located in several cities on this continent, in Brooklyn and New Rochelle, New York; Saskatoon, Sask.; Duluth, Minnesota; and Sioux City, Iowa. In Chicago, one of the most beautiful drives to be seen in any city is named Leif Ericsson Drive.

The national government of the United States has given recognition to Leif Ericsson's discovery of America in a noteworthy and lasting manner. On June 21, 1929, the President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, approved a resolution, previously passed in both Houses of Congress unanimously, of which the first section reads in part: "... and the President be, and is hereby authorized and requested to procure a suitable statue or other memorial to Leif Ericsson and present the same as a gift of the American people to the people of Iceland in connection with the American participation in such celebration." Reference is here made to the Millennial of the Icelandic parliament in 1930, already mentioned. And as is well known, the President of the United States appointed a delegation of five eminent Americans headed by the late Senator Peter Nordbeck to take part in that celebration; and on the same occasion there was presented to the people of Iceland, as a gift from the people of the United States, a magnificent statue of Leif Ericsson, the work of Sterling Calder, a distinguished

American sculptor; the statue now stands in a prominent place in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

V.

Now it may be asked: What manner of man was Leif Ericsson, and what were the circumstances surrounding his discovery of America? Leif was born in Iceland around the year 965. The blood of adventurers flowed in his veins. His father was Eric the Red, by birth a Norwegian, who migrated to Iceland at an early age. In the year 982 Eric was outlawed from Iceland for manslaughter, not an uncommon practice in that pagan day, nor by any means forgotten in our supposedly enlightened era. It is indicative of the enterprising and adventurous spirit of Eric that he resolutely set out to seek a land in the West, which an Icelander by the name of Gunnbjorn was reported to have seen some years before. It is a matter of common knowledge that Eric discovered Greenland and became the father and for years the leader of the Icelandic settlement which flourished there for several centuries. Leif's mother was the granddaughter of one of the most prominent Norwegian settlers of southwestern Iceland. Leif most likely accompanied his father to Greenland in 982; whether he returned with him to Iceland temporarily in 985 is not certain; on the other hand there is no doubt as to his having made his home with his father in Greenland after the latter settled there permanently in 986. We may safely infer that those first years in the new and harsh environment put young Leif to the test and were to him an excellent school. And soon he showed his mettle and spirit of high adventure.

In the year 999 he set out on a voyage to Norway. Instead of following the customary route which was by way of Iceland, he struck boldly across the Atlantic, reaching the Hebrides and sailing from there to Norway. This was, as far as is known, the first voyage

directly across the Atlantic. Commenting on this achievement, Dr. Nansen says: "This was an exploit equal to the greatest in history; it is the beginning of ocean navigation." Even if Leif Ericsson had not discovered America, this first Atlantic crossing would have entitled him to a prominent place in the annals of ocean navigation.

During the following winter (999-1000) Leif remained at the court of King Olav Tryggvason, where he was held in high honor. This gifted and energetic missionary-king was then zealously engaged in Christianizing Norway and also desired to bring within the realm of Christianity the other lands settled by the Norwegians. Through his efforts, Leif Ericsson was converted to the Christian faith and undertook the difficult task of Christianizing the Icelanders in Greenland. According to the Saga of Eric the Red (in Hauksbók), generally regarded as the most trustworthy of the Icelandic sources, Leif set out for his home in Greenland in the summer of the year 1000, carrying on board his ship one or more priests along with his crew of seamen.

On this return voyage he was driven out of his course and came to a land which he had not seen before, where he found self-sown wheat fields and grapevines. Scholars are agreed that this must have been the eastern coast of North America; appropriately the Norsemen named this country "Vinland." Another important Icelandic source, The Flateyjarbók, tells of Leif's discovery in a somewhat different and a more detailed manner. Both sources mentioned are, however, in agreement on the central fact of our inquiry: they credit Leif Ericsson with the actual discovery of the North American continent. Let it be added that the accounts of the discovery in the sources mentioned are supported by a number of briefer references in early Icelandic and non-Icelandic writings. The location of "Vinland" is a matter of some

disagreement, but the historical evidence points to the New England coast.

When Leif Ericsson discovered America, he was, as we saw, returning to his home in Greenland, commissioned to Christianize that country. According to our sources he was successful in that undertaking. He therefore deserves a place in the history of the church and its missionary work. As a man who won for the church of his day a new land he also merits the sympathy and the admiration of all present-day church people, regardless of denomination.

Leif Ericsson's story after his discovery of America can be briefly told. Upon the death of his father, he became the leader of the Icelandic colony in Greenland, a place which he filled with great distinction until the end of his days; he died around the year 1020. He had, therefore, as far as can be ascertained, only reached the age of 55 or 60 years. But it can be truly said of him that he "lived in deeds, not years." He had achieved what the Norsemen looked upon as the highest good: "The fame that is the reward of great deeds."

Icelandic historical sources tell of several attempts to colonize the land discovered by Leif Ericsson. Most important was the expedition of the Icelandic Thorfinn Karlsefni, usually dated 1003-1006; he and his group of colonists, some 160 in number, spent three years on this continent, exploring fairly extensively the eastern coast of North America before returning to Greenland. Their expedition failed because of the hostility of a warlike native population. That hostility together with lack of manpower, not to forget the distance from the homeland, accounts for the failure of these early pioneers to establish a lasting colony in the New World. Nevertheless, Karlsefni's courageous attempt is not forgotten. In Fairmont Park in Philadelphia stands an impressive monument erected in his honor, the work of

a noted Icelandic sculptor, Einar Jónsson. Moreover, recent studies and investigations appear to strengthen the opinion that the discovery of America by Leif Ericsson may have influenced the great explorers who rediscovered that continent late in the fifteenth century, in particular John Cabot.

Leif Ericsson, therefore, deserves to be remembered as the discoverer of America, as a pioneer in ocean navigation, as a crusader of the church, and as a successful leader of men. In his splendid statue of the explorer, presented by the United States to Iceland, Mr. Calder has, it appears to me, admirably interpreted the spirit of Leif Ericsson. The sculptor pictures him as bravely facing the unknown, a sword at his side, a crucifix in his left hand; determination and courage are written on his face.

VI.

Leif Ericsson stands as a symbol of love of high adventure and high endeavor; he is the embodiment of the spirit of pioneering. Therefore, his example deserves to be held up before the aspiring youth of the land which he discovered.

Not only that. Leif Ericsson should be to us of Scandinavian origin a personification and a reminder of the manliest and noblest traits in our race, the Norse spirit of independence and progress. This spirit has been alive in the Scandinavian countries down through the centuries, and is at work in the national life of those countries today. In industry and agriculture, in shipping and commerce; in a word, within the realm of social progress, the Scandinavian people have an honorable place among the nations of the world. The same is true in literature, the fine arts, and the sciences. Moreover, and this is particularly gratifying: The nations of the North, noted for their war-

likeness in days of old, have been marching in the forefront toward the great goal of world peace.

Surely, we Scandinavians are a rich people, far richer than many of us realize. We are the possessors of a vast and noble inheritance, not, to be sure, consisting in silver or gold or precious stones, but in something much more substantial than these, in things cultural, whose value does not depend on the gold standard and the fluctuations of the stock market.

We should be mindful of this heritage, and not only on festive occasions. The great Norwegian poet and dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, says in one of his dramas: "Der ligger vekst i store minner" (Great memories bear in them the seeds of growth). Here a fundamental truth is expressed. Memories of great achievements have frequently in the past proved to be a fountain of strength and inspiration for nations and individuals alike. This fountain is far from having run dry. We can still find renewed strength and ample inspiration in studying and contemplating the noblest and greatest accomplishments of our ancestors. Such a study should fill us with determination to be worthy sons and daughters of forefathers whose achievements in many fields the whole world admires.

I close with the famous lines of an American poet, lines which are a splendid expression of the spirit of Leif Ericsson, the Norse spirit, the spirit of independence and progress:

"We live in deeds, not years,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
In thoughts, not breaths;
We should count time in heart-throbs
In the cause of right.
He most lives, who thinks most,
Who feels the noblest and who
acts the best."



Canada—A Miniature World

By JUDGE W. J. LINDAL

In a former article I intimated that I would attempt to answer the question: Where do we stand? from the point of view that we are Canadians.

We are Canadians; there is no doubt about that. But what do we mean? Surely something more than mere residents of this country. Is Canadianism an adventure in citizen building? If so, what is the pattern?

It is fit and proper that we should analyze our Canadianism, assess its virtues, ponder its future. It is not that we need to study Canadian history and geography; we learn that in the schools. What we do want to know is the quality of the citizenship, still in the formative state, in which we are merging. If we have that knowledge we might be of assistance in giving direction to the Canadian adventure.

Canada is a Large Country

Canada is a large country. It is half a continent—the north half of North America. But if we look at Canada from the point of view of population, it is a long narrow fringe north of the international boundary. This fringe is approximately 200 miles wide. We are told that more than nine out of every ten Canadians live within the 200 mile strip. But this is not a continuous strip. It is broken in three places: between the Maritimes and the Central provinces; the Central provinces and the Prairies; and between the Prairies and the Western coast.

In Canada there are two official languages—French and English. The French people are almost exclusively Roman Catholic—they number 28.22 per cent of the total population. The Anglo-Saxons are mostly Protestant—they number 51.86 per cent of the total population. The remaining 19.92 per cent are people of every language and of every creed.

It is therefore to be expected that in this large expanse of land, which comprises Canada, one would find diversity rather than unity, differences

rather than agreement, contrasts rather than uniformity. Such indeed is the case. It also follows that, if out of the diversity, differences and contrasts, a unified purpose has evolved, it bespeaks the genius of the Canadian people in moulding a harmonious whole out of many and varying elements.

Let us first examine the differences, then the methods of approach by Canadian leaders who, out of the seeming chaos, have patterned the mosaic we now call Canada.

The Five Obvious Divisions

Canada, naturally and by human design divides into five separate and distinct areas. The political division into nine provinces must for our purposes be discarded; the division is based upon something deeper and more permanent. It is based upon population—its origin, its language and religion—and it is also based upon the natural resources—minerals, forests, the soil and its productivity. The diversity in these five areas is so marked that one is not stretching the imagination very far in saying that Canada is a commonwealth of five countries. And yet in Canada there is a unifying spirit which

at times, even at this very moment, is under a very heavy strain. But it does not break. There may be an object lesson here, instructive to every student of citizen-building.

Let us now discuss these divisions.

The Maritimes

The three Maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, form the first division. These countries are a blend of mountains, forest, and streams, interspersed with agricultural areas, small but fertile, suitable for farming, gardening and fruit growing.

In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island the population is mainly of British descent with pockets of French here and there. Many of the pioneers came as exiles from the New England States after the outbreak of the American revolution. In New Brunswick, which was started by the migration of the United Empire Loyalists, there is a French minority constituting one-third of the population.

With the exception of Prince Edward Island, which is almost exclusively a farming community, the economy of the Maritimes is based upon the forest, the sea, and small scale agriculture. It is an exporting area, seeking markets abroad and on the whole is opposed to high tariff protection.

In the Maritimes there is a strong local sentiment. This is quite natural. These areas are isolated from the rest of Canada and were separate British colonies for a longer time than they have been part of Canada. With the emerging of a stronger Canadianism this local sentiment tends to disappear.

Quebec

Quebec is the oldest part of the Canadian commonwealth. It is in many ways the most truly Canadian one. Eighty per cent of the population are the descendants of the French who migrated three centuries ago from Bretagne and Normandy in France. The

people have held fast to their language and their religion—the Roman Catholic faith. During these centuries the French habitant has clung to the soil, toiling from early morn till late at night. But he is strangely contented; he cares not for the bright lights of Montreal, but attends Mass in the village church which is at once his spiritual and social centre.

French-speaking Canadians have often felt that they are separate and apart from other Canadians — a feeling shared by many English-speaking Canadians no matter what their origin. But there are unifying forces, even aside from love of native land and a common loyalty to a common Crown. For instance, Quebec and Ontario are really one economic unit based on industrial production. In the northern parts of both provinces are rich mineral areas. The forests produce hard wood for manufacturing, soft wood for pulp paper. Iron ore is available at not too great a distance. In Quebec and the lower lake region of Ontario, 60 per cent of the population of Canada is concentrated. In this area are situated 80 per cent of the industrial and manufacturing plants.

Both Ontario and Quebec look inwardly for markets. There are exceptions, of course, as for instance the manufacturers of motor vehicles and farm machinery. But generally speaking, manufacturing in the central provinces depends upon local consumption and sales to the exporting provinces on the coasts and in the prairies. Hence both favor protection as a national policy. Here Ontario and Quebec are on common ground and differ in outlook from the rest of Canada.

The rapid industrialization of Quebec is having its influence on the French habitant. Farmers' sons and daughters are flocking to the cities. Influences are at work which run counter to French culture three centuries old. But the impact has as yet made only a slight impress.

Ontario

Ontario is the wealthiest province and has the largest population. It may be said to be the keystone in the Canadian arch. Although it is separated from Quebec only by a river it seems to be a different nation—another member of the Canadian commonwealth. In border cities such as Ottawa one feels the atmosphere of adjoining states. Travel a few miles south and you feel little of Quebec. When you reach Toronto you are in a different country. You begin to wonder what, if anything, binds Quebec and Ontario together.

A large part of the population of Ontario is of United Empire Loyalist stock — those loyal Britishers in the American colonies who preferred to remain loyal even though it meant that they had to leave their homes and belongings to venture out into what was then an unknown hinterland. It is, therefore, only natural that the sons and daughters of these Britishers should remain intensely loyal to Britain. They have moulded the Ontario pattern of Canadianism which is a blend that is at once Canadian and British and yet with an admixture from the country from which the exiles came.

Ontario is Protestant and Anglo-Saxon. Over 75 per cent of its population are British and of the Protestant faith. This has created a gulf between Quebec and Ontario which is difficult to bridge.

The Prairies

The Prairie Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, comprise the fertile central plain. They produce enormous quantities of wheat; in 1942 over half a billion bushels. Even the average crop is far in excess of Canadian needs which is only about 120 million bushels per year. Hence Western Canada must depend upon the world market. This demands an economy of low tariffs which has always characterized Western Canadian policy.

In Western Canada people have gath-

ered from the British Isles, the United States, and every country in continental Europe. Assimilation, however, is not complete. The west has produced a mosaic rather than a racial alloy poured out of a melting pot. The national groups very soon learn the English language and adopt Canadian habits, but in many instances they likewise retain the language and culture of their forbears.

The Western Canadian economy has produced a point of view different to that in the other areas. The ever-pressing economic problem and the demands for redress and consideration have created a strong Western Canadianism. But because of the mixed population and the fact that Western Canada has to depend to such a large extent upon foreign markets the west is international in outlook. The Western Canadian is either a westerner or an internationalist, or both. A well known writer has said that it is not an accident that the best Canadian thinking in international affairs has come of late years out of the prairies.

British Columbia

British Columbia is by itself on the west coast, separated from the rest of Canada by the Rocky Mountains. The people are mainly of British origin, descendants of Britishers who settled there prior to Confederation and others who more recently settled in the fertile river valleys. These people have created a strong British atmosphere on the coast, which only recently is merging in one more truly Canadian.

British Columbia is an exporting country. Its chief exports are timber, fish and products of the mine. It thus joins the Maritimes and the Prairies in emphasizing foreign trade and moulding the Canadian economy on that basis. British Columbia is essentially a Pacific country and will tend to become more so. If you meet a man in Vancouver his interests outside of his own province, will in all likelihood be in Aus-

tralia, Asia, or across the line. He may tell you about his last trip to Seattle or Los Angeles. Thus the Canadian horizon is widened not only to the United States but beyond to the Far East and the Antipodes.

Canada a United Nation

The story of how these population groups have been brought together into a national unity is one which every Canadian should know. Only then can he play an intelligent part in furthering that unity. Today Canada is a nation. The diverse elements have been brought together in such a way that our "unity in diversity" has been a source of strength, not weakness. Ask yourself the question, "Why did the different groups come to Canada?" Invariably the answer is that they came here in search of economic opportunity, and in search of freedom. Only in a self-contained unit in which the five areas are brought under a single political control can Canadians hope for economic opportunity and security. Our freedom is a gradual growth which has been passed on to us until today as Sir Wilfrid Laurier once said, "Canada is free, and Freedom is its nationality."

The Greater Vision

If one were to attempt to phrase the main thread in Canada's progress, and the guiding principle actuating her leaders, it would be called "The Greater Vision." When Canada came under British rule the military governors did not seek to impose the will of five hundred English-speaking citizens upon sixty thousand Frenchmen. They had the vision of a united colony. Remember, Major-General Amherst wrote in 1761 to Gen. Thomas Gage: "They (the French) are as much His Majesty's subjects as any of us." This course had immediate results. A few years later (1773) the new subjects thus described the first years of British rule:

"The wise and gallant general who

overcame us, left us in possession of our laws and customs. The free exercise of our religion was accorded us, and this was confirmed by the treaty of peace. Our old compatriots were made the judges of our civil disputes. The gratitude we feel for these favors we will transmit from age to age to our latest descendants."

This was the beginning of the United Canada of today. And this idea of conciliation for the purpose of national unity is evident in all the constitutional changes of the Quebec Act, the Constitutional Act, the Union Act, and the B.N.A. Act.

The Fathers of Confederation did not seek to join three or four colonies into one large colony. They sought to unite a number of colonies into a nation. This has been accomplished. The Dominion of Canada is a self-governing nation, with a purpose and an objective all its own.

Spiritual Bond

But it is not only in the development of the outward forms of nationhood that one sees the greater vision. To bring the different parts of Canada together required faith and courage. The spirit that created the Canada of 1867 expanded. It was difficult to unite Canada and it has been difficult to govern Canada. Both required qualities of tact, perseverance, consideration and compromise. These qualities of leadership have been characteristic of the builders of Canada.

They were the qualities of Sir John A. MacDonald: "The man who could manage a congerie of jealous factions, including Irish Catholics and Orangemen, French and English anti-federationists and agitators for independence, Conservatives and Reformers, careful economists and prodigal expansionists."

They were the qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, a French Canadian, said:

"The strength of our race has been not to follow race."

They were the qualities of Sir Robert Borden, who led Canada in the ordeal of the last World War. He was resolved that the sacrifice be not in vain. The colony emerged a nation. Sir Robert sat at the peace conference and on behalf of Canada signed the Treaty of Versailles.

They are the qualities of Canada's present prime minister, The Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who adopted Laurier's view that "the crucial Canadian problem was the preservation of national unity."

A nation of diverse elements such as Canada, can be successfully governed only by men who can conciliate and compromise, who can look beyond and above the section, the province, the race—men who have the larger vision.

A distinguished Canadian, E. K. Brown, at one time professor of English at Manitoba University, and now chairman of the Department of English in Cornell University, in an article on the present prime minister of Canada makes this very pointed observation on the qualities required of a first minister of Canada:

"With its two nations within a single state, its strong sectional feeling, its precarious economy, Canada can be effectively governed only by a conciliator."

Mr. Brown might have added that the same qualities are required of every Canadian of successful leadership.

It should be pointed out that conciliation and appeasement are two totally different policies. Appeasement is one way traffic. You give and then you give some more. It is a refined form of blackmail. Conciliation recognizes two or more divergent and reasonable claims and seeks to adjust them. One thing is certain. There must be conciliation, based upon mutual goodwill, before there can be real co-operation, whether it is in the local, the national or the international field.

The New World Order

After the war is over some organization will be set up to guard the freedom of mankind. What stuff will it be made of? What qualities of leadership will be required? The area will be the world; the people—all of mankind. Will the five world geographical divisions be maintained: North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, or will an effort be made to conciliate, bridge differences, remove the East and West, reach a common humanity in one world?

Canada a Miniature World

Canada is a miniature world. Out of a diversity of racial groups scattered over half a continent the builders of Canada have moulded a nation with a spirit strong and free. But Canadianism is a blend—the very diversity has softened, and at the same time broadened it, but not detracted from its inherent worth. In its small but significant way Canada may be leading the way to a quality of citizenship which must obtain before a world family of nations can come into being and permanently endure.

We, of Icelandic extraction, with freedom born in us, have been shown a toleration and sympathetic understanding indicative of the highest type of citizenship. This spirit of co-operative approach is general and of the very fiber of true Canadianism. We would feel proud indeed if that innate love of freedom, coupled with the wider outlook created by that very spirit, were to mould within us qualities of mind which would enable us to make some contribution to the highest type of Canadianism. What a challenge! If we can respond to that challenge a heritage we brought with us will become enriched, and we ourselves will become worthy descendants of the pioneers who toiled that we, their children, might help bring to fruition that which to them was only a dream.

In the Canadian adventure is to be found the germ of world citizenship.

Icelandic Settlers In Canada

By W. KRISTJANSON

The distinction of being the first known permanent Icelandic settler in Canada belongs to Sigtryggur Jonasson. In September, 1872, he stood on the dock at Quebec, and although he was a high-spirited and courageous youth of 20, Champlain's rock citadel, as he looked up at it, must have been somewhat symbolic of life ahead in a vast and strange continent.

Jonasson was not entirely unprepared for life in the new land. On the boat to Quebec he had become acquainted with an elderly Scotchman from Ontario, who had gone to the Auld Land for a visit, and was now returning to Canada. This elderly gentleman gave Jonasson advice, on two heads in particular. First, not to drink any of the St. Lawrence water without mixing a "wee drop" of whiskey with it; and, second, to go to Ontario, assuring him that the province was the finest part, not only of Canada, but of the whole North American continent. The young immigrant went to Ontario, and he apparently came to no harm from the St. Lawrence water.

In 1873, about 173 to 183 Icelandic immigrants crossed the ocean. About 112 made Ontario their destination. They founded a colony on the Rosseau River, where Hekla P.O. was built. The name is reminiscent of Mt. Hekla and the terrible volcanic eruption that had helped to give impetus to the outward move of population from Iceland. In this 1873 group were men destined to win considerable fame in their respective fields: the poet, Stephan G. Stephansson; B. L. Baldwinson, later M.L.A. and deputy provincial secretary; and Rev. Jon Bjarnason, a man of culture and leadership.

The majority of the Muskoka group scattered for the first winter in search of employment, and only about a dozen

located on farms. Life was arduous, but that the settlers faced the future with hope is indicated by an early letter to Iceland: "I know a farmer here who came to this district five or six years ago, with five cents in his pockets, and settled in the virgin forest, and is now in good circumstances. He is Scotch."

September 23, 1874, a party of 365 arrived at Quebec. They were met at the harbor by a Canadian government official, accompanied by Johannes Arngrimsson, who had come across in 1872, to persuade newcomers to settle in Canada. Many had intended to proceed to the United States, but after some negotiations, they agreed to settle in Canada on the following conditions:

(1) They were to enjoy full liberty and right of citizenship, having fulfilled residence requirements, at once and on the same terms as native born citizens.

(2) They were to receive a sufficiently large and suitable tract of land for a colony.

(3) They were to preserve unhindered their personal rights, their language and their nationality, for themselves and their descendants, forever.

This stipulation was made because the immigrants believed that there was more freedom in the republican United States than in monarchical Canada.

The group divided, some proceeding to the United States, but the larger number to Ontario. They needed employment, and the authorities sent them to Kinmount, where the Victoria railway was under construction. Jonasson went in advance, with an agent of the Ontario government. When the news spread that a party of Icelanders was coming, the people of the village became considerably excited. "What kind of people was this?" "Were they peace-

able?" One lady was particularly anxious to know from the agent how they looked, and asked if they were not Eskimos. Jonasson was standing by. Said the agent: "Behold a specimen of an Icelander." "The lady," says Jonasson, "changed the subject of conversation."

Conditions at Rosseau and Kinmount proved very disappointing. The land was not suited for settlement and there was illness. At Kinmount, 12 children and a 17-year-old girl died in a Herodian period. Writing to Iceland in February, 1875, Jonasson says: "There is a doctor here, 'tis true, but he is in need of a doctor himself for whiskey has almost killed him."

In the fall of 1874 a few settlers from Kinmount sought better conditions in Nova Scotia and some 80 followed in 1875. The colony, Markland, came to number as many as 200; but again the choice of land proved unfortunate—apparently the government had accepted at face value local representations. The land was stony, covered with timber, and ill-suited to cultivation. By 1881-82 the majority had moved away. The Dominion census of 1931 reveals five Icelanders in Nova Scotia and one in Prince Edward Island. The Markland of Leif the Lucky was not hospitable to the descendants of his fellow countrymen.

From Kinmount, John Taylor and Jonasson journeyed to Ottawa to seek solution of the settlers' difficulties. They wished to try their fortune in the Northwest. The government had an immigration but not a migration appropriation and was unwilling to advance funds. The governor-general, Lord Dufferin, who had travelled in Iceland as a young man, now proved a friend in need and interceded on behalf of the hard-pressed settlers.

Five delegates, including Taylor and Jonasson, joined by a delegate from Wisconsin, arrived at Winnipeg, July 16th, 1875. They selected a site for a colony along the west shore of Lake

Winnipeg, deeming it more suitable than prairie land because:

(1) Fuel, building material, and fish were readily available.

(2) For some years previously grasshoppers had denuded the plains.

(3) The C.P.R. was expected to pass through Selkirk.

(4) There was a waterway to Winnipeg.

(5) There was room for a separate Icelandic reserve.

Despite the lateness of the season, a group of 250 from Kinmount, together with a number from other parts of Ontario, and from Wisconsin, moved in. They left Winnipeg, October 17, on nine flat-boats and a York boat, drifted down the Red, negotiated its three rapids and were taken in tow on Lake Winnipeg by the Hudson Bay Company steamer "Colville." At their destination they arrived on October 21, at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, landing at "The Tarn," a few miles south of the place where the village arose. The following morning there was ice inshore and in a few days the lake began to freeze.

The new home was called Gimli, after the abode of the gods—radiant, "fairer than the sun." Times there were to be when this name did not seem appropriate. As early as January 14, 1876, a letter to Iceland voices this:

"However suitable it (the name) may be here, or whether it was first named in jest or earnest, I do not know; perhaps for the same reason that Eric the Red named Greenland, saying that the more would seek to go there if the name were attractive."

Promptly, building was under way, and 30 houses were erected, including 27 residences, a schoolhouse, a store and a warehouse. Land was surveyed, and a few began work on their farms. In bitter cold and deep snow, the settlement began taking root. That same winter (1875-76) Miss Carrie Taylor, John Taylor's niece, taught school, with

about 25 pupils in attendance. A written paper was started, to be succeeded in 1877 by the printed publication, "Framfari" (Progress). A council of five was appointed for local government.

But pioneering hardships were inevitable, and for a few years these early settlers encountered more than their share. Provisions for the first winter were insufficient, partly due to the settlers' lack of organization and disciplined effort and their ignorance of conditions. Rabbits formed an inadequate supplement to the stores. The Icelanders who today are responsible for perhaps half the numbers engaged in Manitoba fisheries and two-thirds of the output, had as yet to learn to fish through ice. Scurvy set in, and several deaths resulted from illness and hardships. The following autumn and winter a far worse and dread scourge appeared: the small-pox. Its ravages carried off 102 persons. Floods followed in 1880 and in the following years.

The settlement spread. In the summer of 1876 three settlers moved north, to the mouth of the White Mud, now the Icelandic River. These three met with the hostility of the Indians, the most prominent amongst whom was one named Ramsay. Threats, including demonstration firing, were climaxed when a group of Indians approached the cabin serving as workers' headquarters, solemnly filed in, gun in hand, and in silence took up position at one end of the room.

The two parties, ignorant of each other's language, unable to converse, sat face to face for an uncomfortably long period. Finally, Ramsay went for an interpreter. It now transpired that the Indians believed the new settlers to be encroaching beyond their allotted domain. They agreed to refer the matter to the proper authorities, and when informed that the Icelanders were within their rights, readily agreed to amicable settlement, and friendship was established. Nor were the Indians deprived of all land for their abode.

Of the Indians' subsequent friendliness, Dr. O. Bjornson has said: "Ramsay taught my father to thatch the house with reeds so well that it was one of the few houses that didn't leak. He also taught him to mix clay, water and hay for plastering the walls, and this proved highly satisfactory." Altogether, he proved helpful, hospitable, honest and reliable.

At first, the settlement was not in the Province of Manitoba, but in the district of Keewatin. In 1876 the villagers organized their own form of local government. In February of 1877, with settlers flooding in, four districts were organized, Vidines, Arnes, Fljótshöfði (The River Settlement), and Mikley (Big Island), with a council and reeve for each, and a common council under a reeve and a vice-reeve, at Sandy Bar. Sigtryggur Jonasson was first reeve. The duties of the council, amongst other things, pertained to roads, fishing, sanitation, fire protection and social welfare. This was comprehensive and in keeping with the principles and traditions of a people from a country which in 1930 celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its Althing, or Parliament.

September, 1877, brought a distinguished and welcome visitor to the colony, Lord Dufferin. He showed a warm and kindly interest. In an address delivered on this occasion, he said:

"I trust you will continue to cherish for all time the heart-stirring literature of your nation, and that from generation to generation your little ones will continue to learn in your ancient sagas that industry, energy, fortitude, perseverance and stubborn endurance have ever been the characteristic of the noble Icelandic race. I have pledged my personal credit to my Canadian friends on the successful development of your settlement. My warmest and most affectionate sympathies attend you . . ."

Greenland

Vilhjalmur Stefansson's "Greenland" was written as a companion work to his earlier volume, "Iceland." In addition to having a thorough first-hand knowledge of his subject, the author has done an immense amount of research. For this reason "Greenland" will probably become an outstanding reference book on that country. This sentence is not intended to frighten the unscientific. The book is intensely interesting, the sort of thing even the most casual reader will enjoy.

Greenland probably comes closer to being the frozen North of our childhood geographies than any other Arctic country. Eighty-five per cent is perpetually covered with snow. Still this leaves an area of 110,000 square miles where grass, bushes and flowering plants grow during part of the year; though like its neighbor, Iceland, it is treeless.

In 985 Erik the Red, banished from Iceland, headed a fleet of fourteen ships and sailed westward where he founded the first white settlement on the southwest coast of Greenland. The colonizing period lasted until 1124. The Icelanders brought their democratic form of government with them. Though there is no written record of their first parliament we know there was a parliament before 1000, that in the year 1001, Leif Erikson returned to Greenland from a voyage to Norway bringing with him two priests and a message from King Olaf Tryggvasson that he desired Greenland to accept Christianity. Like the Icelanders the Greenlanders agreed that their country should be Christian without placing penalty on the heathen.

The author has translated from the Icelandic the sagas of Erik the Red and Einar Sokkason, which gives an account of life in Greenland and the voyage to Vinland taken directly from the original sources.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries about ten thousand people lived in Greenland. The civilization was essentially European and they carried on an active trade with Norway and other European countries. In 1261 Greenland elected to join Norway and the merchants in Bergen were given the monopoly of the Greenland trade. Gradually the voyages to Greenland became less frequent until instead of six ships a year, there was one in six years. The last recorded voyage was in 1410. The fate of the first Norse settlers in Greenland is one of the fascinating riddles of history. Vilhjalmur Stefansson believes that, cut off from Europe, they adopted the Eskimo way of life and were gradually absorbed by the native population.

The last chapters of the book are devoted to an account of the resettlement of Greenland by the Danes and Norwegians and a description of modern Greenland. The country was well administered by Denmark up to the time it was taken over by Germany. The natives were not exploited and were encouraged to continue with their native way of life. For this reason they are comparatively free from the white man's diseases which have often proved fatal to aboriginal people.

Greenland is now under the protection of the United States "for the duration." It is a land of very real strategic importance in the present war. A meteorological station in Greenland can keep all western Europe informed as to weather conditions and approaching storms, a knowledge of utmost importance to airmen and sailors. The Greenland harbors could be used as submarine bases and there are plenty of excellent landing fields for planes. For this reason it is important that this territory be controlled by us and not by the Axis.

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PRIZE STORY

Not Yet So Old

By EFFIE BUTLER

Emma Sveinsson seethed with rebellion. Rebellion was written in every line of her furrowed brow as she opened the pasture bars to let the sleek, fat cows come through into the corral.

"Svein and Helga are young. They think they'll never need help from anyone, much less from me, Svein's old mother," muttered Emma, to herself, as the last wooden bar fell with a thud to the ground. "Svein can't fish all the nets since Barney went off to the navy. But, no, they won't let me help."

"Come Boss, come, come!" called Emma.

In a far corner of the lake-edged pasture the cows were snatching an early morning graze. A few were wandering homeward along the shore. Emma drew her old, red sweater more closely about her thin shoulders and started after them.

Wheeling gulls darted and plunged into the glimmering bosom of Lake Winnipeg for their breakfast fish. The beam of the dawn burnished the trees and woods with gold. Emma felt as if the very soul of this friendly Island and the lake that had for so many years nurtured herself and her family—for they were plain fisher folk — had suddenly been laid bare and for a moment she forgot many of the bitter things she harboured in her heart.

"The day'll come when they'll be glad of my help, then Svein, and his proud wife, will have to admit I'm not a done old woman," said Emma, as she snapped her willow switch to hurry a lagging heifer along.

A young woman in a rose-colored frock came out on the low steps of the grey, weathered cabin. Hurriedly, she scanned the shore and farmyard as if

searching for someone; then she called out:

"Mother, Mother! Goodness, don't you know you shouldn't be trailing about in that wet grass? Come in, now. The sun's going to be hot today."

"The sun'll be hot today . . ." mocked Emma.

"Hot sun never hurt me. Days and days I worked with Svein's father in the boiling blaze setting nets and lifting them when we were young and new in this country. What would have happened to us after we came from our old home in Iceland if I'd been afraid of a little sun? Those were hard days."

She mustered up a cheery voice and answered, "Yes, Helga, I'm coming."

She drove the last of the slow plodding cows into the corral and closed the bars.

Brown Bett, the oldest of the herd, who chose this interval before milking time for a rest, lay chewing her cud with evident satisfaction.

Emma stooped to give her a friendly pat. "Good old girl," she praised, then added in almost a jealous note: :

"You're still useful, though you're a grandmother ten times over. You'll be useful till you're done."

Svein and Helga came down the path to the net shed where the fishing gear lay ready for the coming season. Svein's arm was about his slim young wife. Helga returned his affection with the laughter in her merry blue eyes. They were so apart from the rest of the world making up a universe of their own.

Svein's mother watched them, wondering what strange alchemy transformed young boys into great serious men who turn from their mothers to light-hearted, laughing women—their wives—for advice and encouragement.

"It's as if I were dead."

"But, then, I wouldn't want him a sis, like Skuli Bjornson, a drag to his old Ma."

"I'll soon be setting these in the bay," said Svein, as Emma came up to where he was boxing nets in readiness for the first day's set.

"Yes," replied Emma. "Haldor from Grimsdal tells me there's a big run of pickerel going out past Parson's Point. Steady winds should bring a good catch."

"And the first sunfish is yours," responded Svein.

"Boiled, it's like the cod Mother cooked when I was a girl."

Emma's eyes grew misty with visions of her far-off northern home on that rocky isle.

Svein turned to Helga.

"Remember what we were talking about . . ."

Emma turned and walked quickly towards the house. Surely it wasn't necessary for her own son to talk in this guarded manner before her.

She scalded the milk pails. She reheated the coffee. Its fragrance filled the room. As she sat down to enjoy a cup of its stimulating goodness the baby wakened and began to cry softly.

Helga came hurrying in and Emma could hear Svein tramping over the pebbles to the dock where the dory was moored.

"Well, is it that time, already?" Helga's eyes flicked past Emma to the clock on the high kitchen shelf.

"Yes, poor wee 'elskan,' she'll be starved. Shall I take her up?" asked Emma, the petitioner now, the one to stand by and ask permission of those in authority since she no longer made decisions in the house or about the place.

"Well . . . if you want to, but . . . don't go babying her in that silly way."

Emma didn't wait for more. She hurried into the room where Carol lay kicking her pink heels against the soft blanket.

"There, there, now, wee 'elskan,'

come to 'Amma'," whispered Emma, as she lifted the warm soft bundle into her hungry arms.

"Mother, are you talking that ridiculous talk to her again?" called out Helga, when she heard the soft, syllables that Emma spilt in a lilting mumble over the babe.

"It's good Icelandic I'm speaking to her; words I heard as a child," said Emma, to herself.

Flashes of resentment tore at her soul.

"She's as wet as a herring's tail," said Emma, aloud, as she carried the child out into the kitchen.

"Here's a dry one."

Emma washed the baby's face and hands and put on the fresh diaper, folding it in her own old-fashioned way and pinning it in the middle with a big safety pin. She was just finished when Helga returned with the warm bottle. Her sharp eyes took everything in at a glance, the three-cornered fold and the one big safety-pin.

"Mother, don't put her diaper on like that. It's bulky and they told me at the Baby Clinic she would grow bow-legged," said Helga, testily.

She took the baby from Emma's comfortable lap and soon the diaper was replaced according to clinical directions.

"Well, I declare, I guess I don't know half as much about babies as the clinics and the young wives of today," declared Emma, as she took the milk pails and went toward the corral.

That night sleep would not come to Emma. Thoughts of her departed loved ones flooded her mind. She grew uneasy. She seemed to have a presentiment that something momentous was about to take place. Perhaps it was the torrid days of almost stifling heat that had been hovering over the countryside that caused Emma to recall the words of Svein's father—"That lake's been calm too long. We'll see squalls for this!"

Svein was over busy in the days that followed.

"It'll be a small catch this year with Barney in the Navy and his nets in the shed," said Svein, as he looked out to where the wooden corks on his long line of nets could be seen bobbing on the surface of the bay.

"Let me take Barney's place. Don't they tell over the radio of the jobs women are doing to carry on when the boys are away. Let me do my share to win the war," pleaded Emma.

Svein laughed. "That's a man's work, Mother. Leave the fishing to me." So Emma said no more.

The last net was set the night Haldor from Grimsdal brought the weekly mail. There were several letters for Helga from her friends in the city, an official looking one for Svein and some papers. Emma glanced through the new mail order catalogue and went out to close the chicken house door. By the gate she stood still. The freshening breeze was soothing to her grey old cheek. Deep were her musings and she did not hear Svein's step until he was close beside her.

What did this tall son of her's want to tell her? Was it something he did not want Helga to hear?

"Mother." He placed his hands on her thin shoulders. "Mother that letter is a summons from the authorities to appear before the magistrate as a witness for the Benson boys. Those guys are going to get nabbed some of these times if they don't keep out of that closed fishing ground. I think they're fishing a pile of illegal-mesh, too."

"My. Oh, when will you go?"

"On the next boat. You'll look after Helga and the baby when I'm gone."

"I'll lift tomorrow and the first fish can go into market on the same boat. I wish Barney was around to help."

"Let me come out," suggested Emma. "Many a day I helped your father pull the nets."

"No, Mother, if I don't finish old Haldor will lift the rest after I leave."

But nightfall of the following day

came and there were still several lines of nets out in the bay.

"I'll be O.K. Don't worry about the nets. Haldor will come down and lift them today. I'll be back on the first boat, perhaps the 'Chariot'," said Svein, the next morning when the freight tug was ready to pull away from the island dock.

He kissed them good-bye, baby Carol last, then hopped aboard the throbbing tug.

* * *

All day the two women went about their accustomed chores. The air did not feel so dead and heavy. The sun sank behind a thick bank of clouds, a flaming ball, when they went out together to milk the cows. The cows were restless and they missed Svein's help. Emma and Helga talked little over their small supper. Each was busy with her own thoughts.

"I think I'll make coffee," said Emma, with a strange voice.

But her voice did not seem strange to Helga. Somehow she accepted the note of authority that had gathered there.

"It's strange why Haldor didn't come to lift the nets. I hope all is well at Grimsdal," said Emma as she fastened the door securely for the night before they went to their separate beds.

Emma did not sleep early. Little gusts of wind springing to life rattled at the window pane. It tossed the empty net reels round and round with an eerie sound. Next morning long fringes of cloud drifted in from the north to the south, fringes like mottled fish scales. They were high up and faintly colored. The wind, with ominous speed, quickly gathered strength. Certainly a bad gale was in the making.

"If this wind keeps up those nets will be torn to threads with that load of fish in them," said Emma.

"Yes, but what can we do," cried Helga, in a tense tone. "I do wish Haldor would hurry and come down."

"He may get here yet," replied Emma.

But in her mind she had grave doubts of him getting there in time to save the nets. She moved about restlessly and finally started to tidy the small lean-to shed at the back of the cabin which served as a store room. Old coats and worn garments hung there and Emma began to sort them over. Delving into the jumbled contents of a big trunk she came across the old sou'wester she had worn years before when she went on stormy trips with Svein's father.

Her face was alive with the excitement of an unsolved puzzle. She was thinking fast. She smoothed back her thick grey hair. She put on the sou'wester and tied the strings under her chin. She snatched up her old red sweater. Already a clear plan had formed in her mind when she reached for Svein's waterproof slicker and went out into the kitchen.

Helga's eyes were wide with amazement.

"Mother! What in the world have you got that old hat on for? Oh, you do look funny."

Emma's face was tense with purpose and determination.

"Those nets are too expensive to leave out there. They'll be torn to bits if they're left out there with that much fish in them. I'm going out to lift them before the wind gets any stronger."

"But, Mother . . ."

Emma didn't listen.

"Mother you can't handle that boat in this wind. Mother . . ."

Emma pulled on her rubbers.

"Now Helga, you stay here with the baby. Don't worry about me. I'll bring that fish in if the wind doesn't get too strong. If I can't manage the nets I'll row back."

Helga, bewildered, nodded.

Helga must stay and do the things she knew how to do but Emma Sveinson, whose heart was strong from bitterness and years of dauntlessness, would do what Helga could never accomplish.

Emma hurried to the dock where the dory was tied. Already the waves were strong enough to set the small craft rocking against the dock-side. She stepped aboard, fitted the oars into the oarlocks and seated herself for a fight if need be. When she turned out into the open bay her frail craft began to rise and fall on the turbulent waters like a net buoy adrift.

She rowed with dogged energy. Occasionally a more violent wave would throw her off her stroke.

"Hang on, Emma. Steady her. Take your time and turn her bow slightly into the wind" . . . these words of Svein's father in previous days seemed to come to her ears through the wash of the waves and the whistling wind. Emma obeyed. Less water splashed over the gunwales but her speed slackened. Her excitement grew. Could she make it?

Helga, watching from the window, with the baby in her arms, cried out with thankful astonishment when she saw the tiny boat nearing the point where the first net lay.

Emma's heart beat loud and hard as a young woman's when she pulled the first net and began to take the slippery fish out of the tangled meshes. As she toiled on, her hair fell about her face. She tucked it up under her sou'wester with a wet hand. Fish after fish went flopping into her box until it was overflowing and flapping fish lay strewn on the floor of the boat.

Tugging the soggy twine up to the edge of the dory was no easy task. The tearing wind and tossing waves sent her small craft surging back and forth but Emma worked with a steady hand. She had won a pair of boat-legs long ago that now gave her confidence.

"No more fishing this trip," declared Emma, when she saw how deep her sturdy dory sank in the water under its load of fish. "But, thank goodness only a few nets are left on this string."

(Continued on page 29)

Merit Rewarded

The Icelandic Canadian is happy to record merited recognition given to men of Icelandic descent in North America. At this time two men are selected, one devoting his life to scientific research, the other engaged in expanding international trade.

DR. V. S. ASMUNDSON

Dr. Vigfus Saemundur Asmundson, Associate Professor of Poultry Husbandry at the University of California, has been selected as the recipient of the Borden Award in Poultry Science for 1942. The selection is made annually by a committee of five members of the Poultry Science Association, the professional society comprising workers in this field in the United States and Canada, and the rules state that it is to be an award for work done during the preceding seven years. The award is a gold medal together with one thousand dollars.

The selection committee states that the award was made to Dr. Asmundson "for his outstanding contributions in the fields of genetics and physiology of the fowl and turkey. His studies in genetics include the inheritance of fecundity, lethal factors, and color patterns in these forms. In physiology, notable contributions have been made to the knowledge of egg formation and growth in both the chicken and the turkey."

"Dr. Asmundson's work has been characterized by a high degree of thoroughness and a wide diversity of interest."

Dr. Asmundson was born in Reykjavik, Iceland, and came to Tantallon, Saskatchewan, when a young lad. He graduated from the special course in poultry husbandry at the University of Saskatchewan in 1918 and received the

M.S.A. degree from Cornell in 1920. He was a professor in the Department of Poultry Husbandry at the University of British Columbia from 1920 to 1923 when he became well known for his research work. In 1932 he accepted a position at the University of California. Dr. Asmundson has published about sixty scientific papers on his researches. In 1930 Cornell University awarded him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Dr. Asmundson is to be congratulated on his signal honor. This is only the fifth time this award has been made and every research worker in Poultry Science in the United States and Canada is a candidate for the award.

STANLEY T. OLAFSON

In May, 1942, Stanley T. Olafson, of Los Angeles, was elevated to the post of manager of the Department of Foreign Commerce of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Stanley Olafson was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 5, 1895, his father and mother having migrated from Iceland a few years before. Even when in his teens Mr. Olafson showed a keen interest in commerce. In fact, it can be said that aside from service in the last war he has spent his entire life in foreign trade work. He received his early training in New York with an export commission house specializing in trade with Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland. He was secretary of the Committee of Reception to the Icelandic Steamers S.S. Gullfoss and S.S. Lagafoss, the first direct vessels to the United States under Icelandic ownership.

World War I intercepted Stanley's work in New York. He enlisted and served with distinction for 19 months in the A.E.F. After the war he remain-

ed in Paris for a few years, where he was manager of the French office of a New York export house. In 1923 Mr. Olafson moved to Los Angeles and opened an office as combination export manager for about thirty manufacturers. Later he accepted the position of assistant manager of the department of which he became the head in 1942. This position, says a Los Angeles magazine, "came as a well deserved honor to one of the Pacific Coast's most tireless workers in the interests of foreign trade."

Not only was Olafson interested in foreign trade himself but he sought to make the American people "Foreign Trade" conscious. In 1927 he headed a committee which inaugurated "Foreign

Trade Week" to bring home to the people the importance of international trade. A highly successful Los Angeles adventure was by 1929 extended to all Pacific Coast ports and later sponsored nationally by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. In 1939 through the efforts of Mr. Olafson a similar movement was sponsored in England and France by the International Chamber of Commerce.

Even though Mr. Olafson has had to pause during the war he is already laying plans for the future. International Trade will be even more important after the war than before, and it is gratifying to see Mr. Olafson in the van among those who recognize its importance.



NOT YET SO OLD

(Continued from page 27)

The wind was more violent when she turned her bow toward the dock.

"Ough," gasped Emma, as the tongue of a boisterous wave smothered and drenched her from head to foot. Would her overloaded dory stand up to the weight of the water? But her courage buoyed up when she saw how little water she had really shipped.

Minutes seemed like hours to the agonized old woman whose arms and shoulders ached with the constant exertion. Her hands were stiff from pulling on the heavy oars. But with a final desperate effort, she shot ahead and her dory rolled into the calmer waters behind the jutting points of the island

bay. She was spent and exhausted but her heart was jubilant over her accomplishment. Looking ahead she saw Helga standing on the dock. She lifted her weary arm for one instant to wave.

"She's smiling," cried Helga, but her words were lost in the howling wind.

When Svein returned several days later he looked at the boxes of fish already packed and iced for market that stood waiting in the cool, damp ice-house and then out to the bay where the buoys still tossed on restless waves.

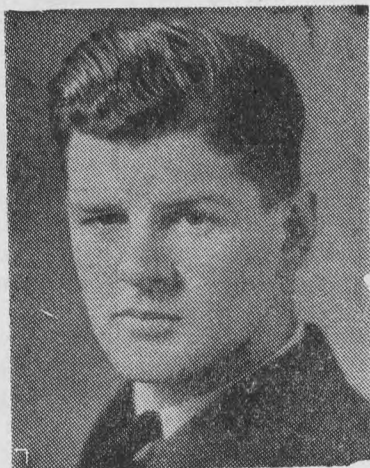
Helga turned to him with tears in her eyes. All she could say was, "Your Mother. . . . She took Barney's place. She . . . She's not yet so old. . . ."

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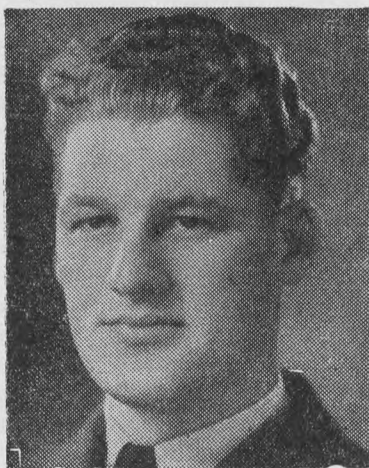


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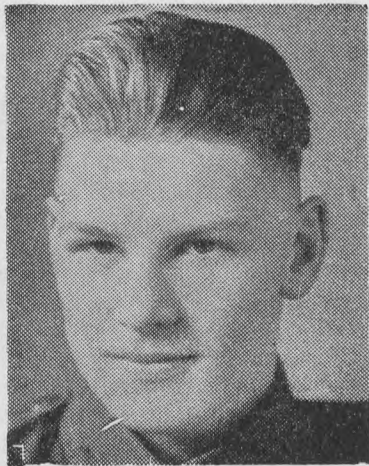
Our War Effort



Sgt. Pilot C. Morris Magnusson



Sgt. Navigator Norman L. Magnusson



Pte. Elmer A. Magnusson

★

SONS OF
MR. AND MRS.
A. G. MAGNUSSON,
145 EVANSON ST.,
WINNIPEG,
MAN.

★

Sgt. Pilot C. Morris Magnusson—Born in Winnipeg, Aug. 30, 1916. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Air Force in August, 1941. Embarked for overseas service in November, 1942.

Sgt. Navigator Norman L. Magnusson—Born in Winnipeg, April 15, 1918. He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in February, 1941, and arrived in England in June, 1942.

Pte. Elmer A. Magnusson—Born in Winnipeg, June 22, 1926. Enlisted with the Winnipeg Light Infantry in December, 1942.

THREE BROTHERS OVERSEAS



SPR. JOHN FINNSON



SPR. OLAFUR FINNSON



THREE SONS OF MR. AND MRS.
GUDJON FINNSON, SELKIRK, MAN.



Spr. John Finnson—B28498. Enlisted with the 1st Tunnelling Company, Royal Canadian Engineers, May 1st, 1940, and is now serving overseas.

SPR. OLAFUR FINNSON—No. 36288. 4th Field Company, Royal Canadian Engineers. Enlisted June 4th, 1940, and is now overseas.

GNR. O. E. FINNSON—No. 60566. 17th Battery, 15th Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery. Now stationed in England.



GNR. O. E. FINNSON

THREE OFFICERS

★

Sqd.-Ldr. JOHANNES VILHELM HANSEN

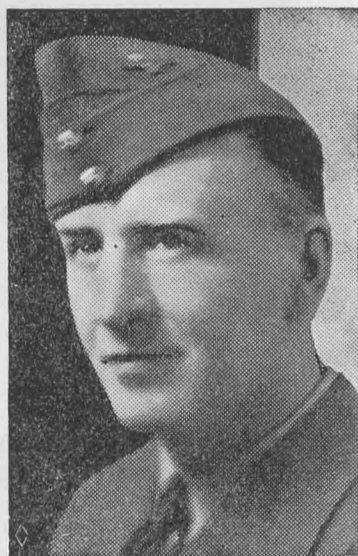
was born in Iceland in 1912. The son of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hansen, Humboldt, Sask., he arrived with them in Canada on July 4, 1914. Sqd.-Ldr. Bill graduated from the University of Saskatchewan in 1936, then served in the Dept. of Transport, Ottawa, until his enlistment, Feb. 22, 1940. He received his training at No. 1 T.T.S., St. Thomas. On May 3, he was posted to No. 2 R.C.A.F. Command, Winnipeg. On Dec. 1, 1940 he was promoted to Flight Lieutenant and on July 1, 1942 to Squadron Leader. Sqd.-Ldr. and Mrs. Hansen have two boys. They reside at 218 Sherburn St., but are moving to Calgary in the near future.



Sqd.-Ldr. J. V. Hansen

Sqd.Ldr. JOHANNES LAXDAL

is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bodvar Laxdal. He was born in Winnipeg February 5, 1898. Went on active service in September 1938 as 2nd in command of the 112th Winnipeg Squadron. Opened the Air Observers School at Edmonton, Alta., in 1940. In 1941 he opened the Air Observers School at St. John, Quebec. In March 1942 he was in command of Air Observers School at Prince Albert, Sask., in February 1942 he took charge of the school at Pearce, Alta.



Sqd.-Ldr. Johannes Laxdal

MAJOR E. W. ODDLEIFSON

was born in Winnipeg, July 7, 1906, and is the son of Mrs. Gudlaug and the late Mr. Sigurdur Oddleifson. He enlisted in the 2nd Field Park Coy. in 1939 with the rank of Captain, going overseas the same year. He was promoted to Major in 1941. He graduated in Electrical Engineering from the University of Manitoba in 1929, and has followed his profession in Eastern Canada for several years. Embarked for overseas Dec. 31, 1939, where he has been serving since.



Major E. W. Oddleifson

★

Three Nurses With The Armed Forces

★

2nd Lt. MARGARET G. BRECKMAN, R.N.

Born at Lundar, Man., July 10, 1914. Graduated from the Misericordia Hospital, Winnipeg, 1937. Has been nursing at several American hospitals, for the past four years at the New Rochelle Hospital, New York. She enlisted in the American Nurses Corp in Sept. 1942. Is now stationed at Camp Stoneman, Pittsburgh, California, waiting orders to go overseas.

Lieut. Breckman is a daughter of Mrs. Jakobina Breckman and the late Mr. G. K. Breckman, formerly of Lundar, Man.



2nd-Lt. Margaret G. Breckman
R.N.

2nd-Lt. ANNA T. OLAFSON

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steindor J. Olafson of Gardar, N. Dak., where she was born on Dec. 7, 1914. She took her training at the Ancker Hospital, St. Paul, Minn., and graduated from there in 1936. Took a post-graduate course in surgery at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., in 1940.

Enlisted in the United States Army and Navy Corps in March 1941. Sailed from New York to Iceland in Sept. 1941, and has served there since.



2nd-Lt. Anna T. Olafson

Nursing Sister FREYJA OLAFSON THOMAS, R.N.

Born in Blaine, Wash., August 19, 1915, daughter of Rev. Sigurdur and Mrs. Olafson of Selkirk, Man. Trained at the Winnipeg General Hospital and graduated from there in 1938. Served with the Margaret Scott Mission for three years. Went to Africa Nov. 11, 1941 with the first contingent of Canadian Nurses. Was married in 1942 to Lieut. Eversleigh Crosby Thomas of Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, where she is now stationed.



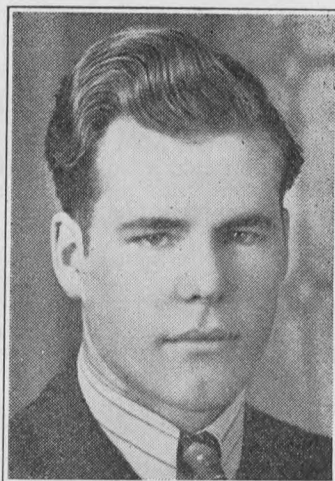
Nursing Sister Freyja
Olafson Thomas, R.N.

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FOUR NORTH DAKOTA BOYS



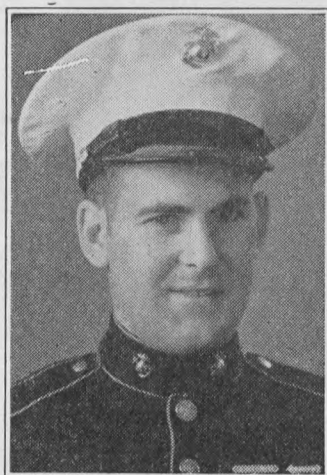
Cpl. John Samson



PFC Norman Samson



PFC Lawrence Samson



Cpl. Sigurd Samson

Cpl. John Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., Jan. 2, 1916 and **PFC Norman Samson**, born at Akra, N. Dak., Feb. 2, 1921, left Cavalier, N. Dak., Feb. 26, 1941, with the National Guard for Camp Claiborn, La. Later they embarked at San Francisco for New Caledonia, where they were for some time. They are now with the American Forces at Guadalcanal.

PFC Lawrence Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., July 2, 1917, was inducted into the army July 29, 1942. Trained at Camp Robertson, Ark., and later at Camp Edwards, Mass., where he is serving with the Medical Corps.

Cpl. Sigurd Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., April 26, 1919. Enlisted in the U. S. Marines in Oct. 1940; was transferred to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii in January 1941 where he has been since. He went through the attack on Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941 without injury.

Parents of these American soldiers are Mr. & Mrs. Leo Samson of Akra, N. Dak.

Three Brothers From Selkirk

★



AS Leslie W. Benson

AC2 B. S. Vernon Benson

Cpl. I. Lorne Benson

Sons of Mr. & Mrs. Runolfur S. Benson,
of Selkirk, Man.

Able Seaman Leslie W. Benson, born at Selkirk, Man., November 18, 1920. Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy in January 1942. Has been on active service for seven months, and is now stationed at Esquimalt, B. C., where he is taking a course in gunnery.

AC2 B. S. Vernon Benson, born at Selkirk, Man., October 2, 1918. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Air Force in November 1941. Stationed as present at Mont Joli, Quebec.

Cpl. I. Lorne Benson, born at Selkirk, Man., August 15, 1912. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Rifles in June 1942 and is now stationed at Debert, Nova Scotia.

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Mr. H. F. Danielson, 869 Garfield St., Winnipeg.



Spr Ingolfur Danielson Pte Gunnar Danielson Sgmn Valgeir Danielson

Spr Ingolfur Danielson, born at Lundar, Man., December 16, 1906. Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Engineers, November 1942. Stationed at Chilliwack, B. C.

Pte Gunnar Danielson, born at Lundar, Man., November 4, 1912. Enlisted August 1942 in the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps. Embarked for overseas December 1942 and is now stationed in England.

Sgmn Valgeir Danielson, born at Lundar, Man., December 24, 1913. Enlisted June 1942 in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, and is now at Kingston, Ont.

Their parents are Mr. & Mrs. Th. K. Danielson, formerly of Lundar, Man., now residing in Winnipeg.

Prize Story Winner

Mrs. Butler, the winner of this month's contest, was born in Grandview, Manitoba. She has been interested in writing for some time and has published poems and childrens' stories, also many articles about the northern lakes. Her interest in fishing folk stems from her sojourn amongst them when she accompanied her husband to the fisheries of Bell Harbour and Dauphin River. This intimate knowledge is obvious in her story and gives it a conviction of truth and reality. We con-

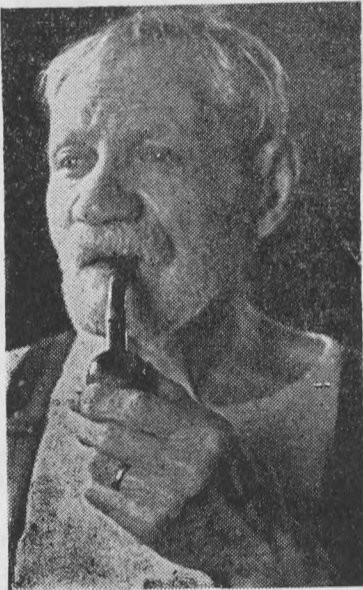
gratulate Mrs. Butler and wish her continued success.

We are glad to include in the magazine a poem by Miss Esther Gudjonson, of Wynyard, Sask., a young girl of seventeen who shows genuine poetic feeling. We should also like to compliment another young contestant, Miss Una Kristjanson, who will undoubtedly go on to better things, and we expect to welcome her as a full fledged writer in the not too distant future.

—L.G.S.

They Served Well

During the last few months the Icelandic people of North America have suffered an unusually severe loss in the passing of five men, all of whom rendered distinctive service in their respective fields. Three devoted their lives mainly to the Icelandic communities, invaluable work at all times, but especially during the days of early settlement. The other two served in the field of education in their province. All won for themselves merited recognition not only among our own people, but in the larger Canadian and American spheres. Their work is a distinct contribution to the best type of citizenship.



CAPTAIN SIGTRYGGUR JONASSON

Captain Sigtryggur Jonasson was born in Eyjafirdi in Iceland, on February 8, 1852. As indicated in an article in this issue, Sigtryggur took a leading part in the settlement of "New Iceland." In 1895 he moved to Winnipeg where he became editor of Logberg. The following year he was elected member of

the Provincial legislature, the first Ice-lander to be so honored. To Jonasson goes the main credit for having transportation facilities provided for the Gimli district. Later he moved back to the settlement so dear to him and for which he had given so much of himself. His greatest comfort in his declining years was the knowledge that some of the dreams of his early days had come true.

The dean of the Icelandic Canadian pioneers died on November 26, 1942.

★



DR. VALDIMAR ALFRED VIGFUSSON

Dr. Valdimar Alfred Vigfusson was born at Tantallon, Saskatchewan, the son of Narfi Vigfusson, one of the pioneers in that district. He received his B.A. degree from the University of Saskatchewan in 1917 and soon afterwards enlisted in the Air Force. In 1930 he was awarded the Doctorate at the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Vigfusson served on the staff of Saskatchewan University for about twenty years and from 1931 was Assistant Professor in Chemistry. In his chemical research work he showed exceptional

originality in overcoming difficulties and devising new methods. He is the author of many valuable publications on problems in his chosen field. Dr. Vigfusson had a hobby, archaeology. In his search for prehistoric remains he travelled widely over his province, and at the time of his death on December 1, 1942, had already made a large collection of relics of the prehistoric civilization of the Plains, now a valued possession of the University of Saskatchewan.

★



BJORN HJALMARSON

Bjorn Hjalmarsen was born near Glenboro, in Manitoba, September 11, 1888. He graduated from Manitoba University with honors in 1912, and then moved to Saskatchewan, where he served in the field of education until death overtook him on January 4, last. He taught in public and high schools, and also in the Normal School at Saskatoon. He was the first Icelander to be appointed inspector of schools, and at one time was Canada's youngest school inspector. He is remembered for his fine command of English in his writings and on the platform, and for his cleverness and at times brilliance in handling educational problems whether in his inspectorate or at centres

of learning. During the past ten years he was with the Saskatchewan Department of Education.

Among those paying last tribute to this leading educationalist, were Chief Justice Martin, Mayor Williams, Judge Hannon, and Hon. Hubert Staines, the Minister of Education.

★



REV. N. S. THORLAKSON

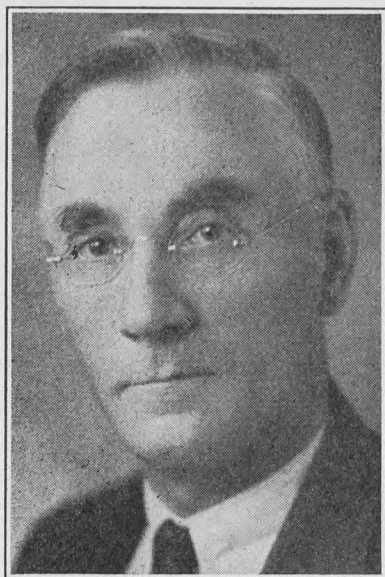
Rev. N. S. Thorlakson, for many years pastor of the Lutheran Church in Selkirk, passed away February 8, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. Eastvold, of Canton, South Dakota. Niels Steingrimur Thorlakson was born in Iceland, January 20, 1857. He was educated in the United States, where his first service was as a teacher in the Icelandic districts.

He went to Norway and matriculated in the Department of Theology, and thereafter served both Norwegian and Icelandic churches with outstanding devotion. At various times in addition to his ministerial duties he occupied positions of trust which were in the power of the Icelandic Synod to bestow. He was a pioneer in education and editor of many magazines and periodicals. He held a seat for many years on the Selkirk School Board; he was also president of the Ministerial Association, and

member of the National Lutheran Council. In 1939 he was created Knight of the Order of Falcons by the Government of Iceland.

Rev. N. S. Thorlakson was married May 18, 1888, in Minneapolis, Minn., to Erika Christofa Rynning, a lady of noble Norwegian family. She survives him together with their six children. Of this great servant of humanity the most fitting description are the beautiful words of the 23rd Psalm: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

★



GUÐMUNDUR ARNASON, B.D.

Rev. Guðmundur Arnason, minister of the Federated Icelandic Churches at Lundar and Oak Point, and president of the United Conference of Icelandic Churches, passed away February 24, 1943. He was Regional Director on appointment by the American Unitarian Association, and represented amongst the Icelandic people qualities of leadership and scholarly attainment which many seek but which few attain. He came to Canada towards the end of the

year 1901. Three years later he enrolled in the Meadville Theological School and on his graduation in 1908 with the B.D. degree, he was awarded the Cruft Fellowship, enabling him to study for a year in Berlin. On his return to Winnipeg he became the minister of the First Icelandic Unitarian Church, resigning from that position in 1915. In 1927 he began to serve the churches along Lake Manitoba, in Lundar and Oak Point. In 1934 he became the president of the United Conference of Icelandic Churches and in 1941 Regional Director. He leaves mourning him his wife, Sigríður Einarsdóttir Sæmundson, and three children, Major Einar Arnason, with the R.C.E. in England, and two daughters, Helga (Mrs. Thomas McLean Miller) and Hrefna (Mrs. Paul Einarson). Honored and respected by all who knew him he will be sorely missed not only by the churches he served, but by the wider community which his life touched. Blessings on his memory as a spiritual leader and as a man.

The Viking Club, a recently formed organization to which anyone of Scandinavian descent is eligible for membership, held a supper meeting at the St. Regis Hotel, on January 30th.

The president, Mr. J. Th. Jonasson, was chairman.

Main feature of the programme was an address by Judge W. J. Lindal, honorary president, whose subject was "The Roots Lie Deep." The musical programme consisted of several solos by Miss Florence Forsberg, accompanied by Miss Elsie Sikerbol.

* * *

Gudmundur Lambertson, from Glenboro, son of Gudmundur Lambertson and Brynjólfnýa Ásmundsdóttir Sigurdson, has been awarded a \$650 scholarship by the Manitoba Department of Education. He will apply it to the study of medicine.

Club News and Personals

The annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Sunday evening, January 10, 1943, in the Antique Tea Rooms, Enderton Building.

Officers for the current year were elected as follows:

President: Arni G. Eggertson.

Vice-President: Snorri Jonasson.

Secretary: Helga Arnason.

Treasurer: L. Eydal.

Members at large: K. Johannesson, Steina Johnson, Rev. P. M. Petursson, Lara B. Sigurdson, John Thordarson.

Social Convener: Mrs. Ena Anderson.

Auditor: Gunnar Thorlakson.

The Social Committee, headed by Mrs. Anderson, includes the following: Anna Anderson, Paul Clemens, Mrs. Ruby Couch, Mrs. K. Johannesson, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Petursson.

Dr. L. A. Sigurdson was re-elected head of the Membership Drive Committee.

* * *

We invite you to become a member of the Icelandic Canadian Club. Membership fee, \$1.00 per year. Treasurer: Miss L. Eydal, 745 Alverstone St., Winnipeg.

* * *

A concert sponsored by the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Tuesday evening, February 23, during the 24th annual convention of the Icelandic National League, in the I.O.G.T. hall.

A. G. Eggertson, club president, was chairman.

Main feature of the programme was a speech by G. S. Thorvaldson, M.L.A., whose subject was "Freedom." Mr. Thorvaldson said freedom of enterprise was the one freedom which upheld all others—freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and equality before the law. Despite its handicaps, he believed democracy with its essential prerequisite of freedom of enterprise, was the best

system for the human race to follow.

The musical portion of the program consisted of a selection of songs by the Icelandic Saturday School class, conducted by Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson, accompanied by Mrs. S. B. Stefanson, and a chorus by girls in Icelandic costume, accompanied by Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson.

Motion pictures in technicolor were presented under the direction of Snorri Jonasson and John Thordarson.

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The marriage of Miss Helga Arnason, our able secretary, to Mr. Tom Miller, took place on February 10th, with Rev. P. M. Petursson officiating.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. Miller into our club membership, and wish them both all success and happiness.

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There were two "tally-ho" parties held by the Icelandic Canadian Club this winter, at the Silver Heights Riding Academy. On each occasion the thermometer registered somewhere in the 40's below, so only the more hardy of our Vikings turned out. No cases of frost bite were reported, and those who clung to their own firesides missed a very exhilarating and enjoyable outing each time.

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Dr. J. A. Bildfell has returned to Winnipeg from his two years as government medical officer at Pangnirtung, Baffin Land. He was accompanied north in August, 1940, by his wife and son, Michael, and returned with another son and daughter, Peter Gervas and Leslie Gail, born in Eskimo land.

Dr. Bildfell is now in British Guiana, South America, where he holds a position with the Aluminium Company of Toronto, doing war work.